

WEIRDEST CABARET IN ALL THE WORLD IS THE "CABARET DE GINK!"



In the Cabaret De Gink With Artist Parker.

BY KENNETH W. PAYNE

Cabaret De Gink, July 24.—What! Don't you know where that is—the Cabaret De Gink?

Why, holy hustling hqboes! There could be only One Cabaret De Gink within the cosmic confines! At Coney Island, of course.

But to elucidate, let us antedate. The amazing tale of Jeff Davis, philanthropist, philosopher, and king of the hoboos, shall be recited in all its tenses.

Past tense: First there was the Hotel De Gink, New York's most exclusive hostelry. Founded and managed last winter by Jeff Davis, and consecrated to the comfort of all hoboos.

Preterit tense (past perfectly completed): Next there was the chicken farm De Gink, way out in the wilds of Long Island. This institution perished in its prime, never to be revived again.

Present tense: Now there is the summer hotel De Gink with its hobo cabaret, by far the weirdest, woolliest spot in all this Luna stricken land of Coney.

Of this matter it was that Jeff Davis discoursed as he sat with Artist Parker and me the other night at a table in his Coney cabaret.

Imagine a gas-lit room, gay with banners gathered from all corners of the continent. At one side the bar, at the other the stage surmounted with